37

STORY OF A LITTLE GIRL IN CEYLON.

First Edition, 2,000 Copies.

MADRAS:

M. R. T. & B. SOCIETY.

C. K. S. PRESS, VEPERY.

1881.

No. 24. *One Pie.*

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8 Story of a King.
9 The Quarrelsome Women.
10 Story of the Liars.
11 Story of the First Man.
12 Story of a Queen.
13 The Child's Horoscope.
14 Story of the Red Berries.
15 The Hen and her Chickens.
16 Story of the First Brothers.
17 Story of the Great Flood.
18 The Wolf Story.
19 Shesh Acharya, the young Brahman.
20 The Pearl Merchant.

Story of a Little Girl

in

CEYLON.

Ceylon, or Lanka, is a large island, near India, famous for its cinnamon, pearls, and precious

stones. Its shores of yellow sand are shaded by groves of cocoa-nut trees; inland, rice fields of brightest green and lofty moun-

tains covered with forest, please the eye. But most of the people, instead of worshipping their great Creator who has given them such

a beautiful island for their home, bow down to images. Here is a picture of the image chiefly worshipped. They say that a man gained all knowledge, so as to be called Buddha, the wise one, and then he ceased to exist, like a lamp whose oil is all done. Images of Buddha are worshipped, and great respect is paid to the priests who wear long yellow robes.

Ignorant people in Ceylon also suppose that sickness is caused by evil spirits. In the vain hope of curing the disease, they make offerings to evil spirits, with dancing.

Some of the Sinhalese have heard of the one true God; but while they call themselves Christians, they also bow down to im-

ages, and make offerings to demons.

Missionaries opened schools at a place called Cotta, a few miles from Colombo, the chief town of Ceylon. Among the children who came was a little girl, named Cornelia. She was only five years old, but she was so careful and diligent, that in three years she rose to the highest class. She then began to learn English, and got on so well as to be rewarded with the present of an English Testament, with which she was highly delighted. Though children learn the lessons given to them, in general they do not try to keep them in mind or to understand them. Such was not the case with Cornelia. She showed by her conduct that she

not only thought about what she was taught, but tried to behave accordingly.

Cornelia was diligent in needle work as well as in study, and sewed very neatly. She heard the Bishop of Madras preach a sermon in which he mentioned the text, "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord." She marked this text very nicely on cloth and presented it to the Bishop, who was much pleased with it.

Cornelia was very careful to avoid the sins of lying, quarrelling and using bad words, so common among children. She was gentle and kind among her

companions and much beloved by them. She was constant in her attendance at school, and always grieved if she had to be absent even for a day. On account of her excellent conduct and progress in learning, she was made monitor of a class.

As Cornelia was taught what was right and good, she sometimes would modestly try to teach her parents who were not true Christians. She often begged them not to work on Sunday, but to go with her to the house of God. One day seeing her mother make an offering to a Buddhist priest, she said, "O mother, it is not good to have two hearts, only one; mother, have only one heart." In this simple way she sought to draw

her mother from idolatry and to become a true Christian.

One day when attending school, she felt unwell, but she did not go home until the usual time. Fever came on, and she was unable to go to school the rest of the week. On Sunday, however, she went to the Sunday School, and learnt the lessons appointed for the day. After the church service was over, she went to school, wrapped up her books in paper, and placed them carefully in a drawer. This was the last time she attended school.

The fever got worse. She readily took the medicine given her, but she would not let any heathen ceremonies be performed in her sick room. One day when very ill, she said she wanted to

go to school to finish a sampler for a lady in England. She had already marked the alphabet upon it, the text "Feed my lambs," and two lines of the hymn

"Holy Jesus, lo, I stand,
Thankful for thy kind command."

But the poor child was too ill to finish her task.

Cornelia had no fear of death. She trusted in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who died to save us, and she rejoiced to think of the many mansions He had prepared in His Father's house for those who love Him. Cornelia felt assured that when she died, her soul would go to heaven to be happy for ever.

Her teacher having heard of her dangerous illness came to see her, but she was unable to speak

much. Knowing that she would soon leave her parents, she kissed them and comforted them.

As her sister was sitting by her bedside about two o'clock one morning, Cornelia asked for her Bible. When it was brought to her she held out her hands to take it and clasped it to her bosom, but on account of her weakness she was unable to hold it. Her sister then said to her, "Do you wish to hear the Bible read?" She answered "Yes." Her sister then read some portions from the Psalms and New Testament, as also prayers for the sick.

When a monitor at school, small sums of money were given to Cornelia, and she had saved nearly three rupees. On her

father asking what should be done with her money, she told him to give it to the Missionary Society. It was a token of her thankfulness for the blessings which she had herself enjoyed, and a proof that she wished others to hear the good news about the way of salvation.

The day light was just breaking into her room one morning; by her bedside sat a friend reading to her the word of God; when she quietly bowed her head and fell asleep in Jesus, in the tenth year of her age.

The parents of Cornelia were led by her conduct to see the excellence of the religion she professed. Giving up the worship of idols, they became true Christians.

All who read this short account of Cornelia may learn three things:

1. To trust in Jesus Christ as their Saviour, who will take away the fear of death and make them happy for ever. We all need a Saviour, for all have sinned, and the wages of sin is death.

2. To love like her the Word of God, and read it daily.

3. To seek that others may know the way to heaven.

GOD OUR FATHER.

Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?—
I a poor child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky?

Art thou my Father?—Canst thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
Or wilt thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise?

Art thou my Father? let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee;
And try in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

Art thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend,
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

Art thou my Father?—Then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

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21 Youthful Martyrs.
22 Little Tukaram.
23 The Boy and the Queen.
24 A Little Girl in Ceylon.
25 A Golden Call.
26 Story of a Young King.
27 The Terrible Red Dwarf.
28 How to become a King's Son.
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